By Christina Rossetti. Heartsease I found where Love-lies-bleeding Empurpled all the ground: Whatever flower I missed unheeding, Heartsease I found.

Yet still my garden mound Stood sore in need of watering, weeding, And binding growths unbound.

Ah, when shades fell to light succeeding,
I scarcely dared kok round;
"Love-lies-bleeding" was all my pleading,
Heartsease I found.

OUT OF STEP.

XVI.

REFORMATION?

Copyright; 1893; By The Tribune Association "You ought to be thankful that we are sharp," remarked Salone, now in high spirits, "since mer are so dull." Then, with more earnestness, "Even you have been so dull that you haven't noticed that I'm turning over a new leaf. It's so humiliating for a human being to be mere driftwood in the current of natural proclivities.

Moore glance'l seriously down at his companion. He had never heard her speak like that before. He said nothing, and she went on now with something like solemnity:

"I have an idea that words take away from action, somehow; don't you think that they do? When you have talked a great deal about doing a thing you have a sort of comfortable feeling as if you had done it."

She was not a woman much given to making resolutions; at least, not since she had outgrown the morbid physical conditions of her girlhood, She could not tell why the sight of that surgeon had in some way stung her with a new wish to control her own being. A good resolution always carries a certain comforting power like a step in the right direction. But it was not alone the meeting with Dr. Jennings.

It was a look which she surprised upon her husband's face. He did not know that she saw it. Perhaps it had all the greater effect because of that fact.

It was after he had been talking to her about He had left her. A few moments later she had gone down to the public parlor for a book she had been reading there.

She was startled to see Moore near the fireplace. There happened to be no one else in the room. Her footfall had made no sound on the carpet. She remained motionless, gazing at him. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, his head somewhat bent, in an attitude very unusual with him.

Salome's heart contracted with a feeling different from any she had ever known. She knew her husband was thinking of her, painfully, bitterly, with discouragement.

She did not enter the room. She went silently up the stairs again and sat down at a window of her own chamber. She should see Randolph when he went out. In a short time she saw him walking down the street. He moved as one preoccupied. She kept her eyes upon him as long as he was in sight. Then she rose from her place and walked about aimlessly for a moment. Her face now was more like the face of that girl who had been sent South for health. She held her hands tightly pressed together

Suddenly she stopped in her walk and knelt down in front of a chair, pressing her face into

She was quiet so long that one might have thought that she had fallen asleep. When she did rise she walked to a table

and took up a Bible lying there. She turned its leaves slowly, but she did not appear to be reading. In fact, she did not read a word. The mere sense that she was holding the Bible from which her mother read every day, and in which she used to read faithfully-this mere sense was all that she required just now. It took her back. At last her lips moved.

"I don't see why I-myself-don't care. Why don't I, of myself, have the wish to speak the What is it that they call being upright, anyway? Does it make any difference Some people seem to think so much of it. Yes, and some people think so much of music, or

Portia Nunally; she tells lies sometimes, I'm sure. And she was able to think of marrying that Major Root. She was going to sell herself. Isn't she as bad as I am? What is it about me that makes my mother and Randolph so

She stopped in her talk to herself and looked about her distressfully.

"Surely, I love him well enough," she exclaimed, "to be anything he wants me to be I'm going to tell the truth about everything. even the slightest little thing. I'm going to do it for him: just as I would learn to play the tambourine or anything else. I didn't know but that he might get over feeling this way; and I didn't know but that I might get over feeling my way, and get to caring for the truth.

"Perhaps it would be a good plan to pray in regard to this. Somehow it doesn't seem necessary to pray when you are happy. God appears to be taking care of you then without

She went back to the chair and knelt down again. She clasped her hands before her as she had formerly done when she had prayed morning and night. She made her petition aloud; it was more real to her, for that was the way she had done in the old farmhouse when prayer had been so much to her.

To her great surprise her mood instantly be came fervidly and reverently beseeching. She had of late only put up frequent and almost involuntary prayers for her husband. She might be said to be praying for him all the time.

Her asking of God now was simple in the extreme. Any one listening to her without seeing her would have said he was hearing a devout

"Oh Lord," she said, "you must help me to tell the truth. You must make a lie odious to mother. They want me to be truthful. And flashed upon her. It was Dr. Jennings. since I can't seem to care anything about it myself I've made up my mind that I'm going to be truthful just to please them. Lord, I wish you would forgive me because the motive isn't right, but I can't help it. I can't help it, so I'm just going to be good to please them. Lord, be kind to me and don't let me make my husband unhappy. I love him so! I love him

She did not say "Amen." Her voice merely stopped. Perhaps it was because of the very simplicity of the words that her petition sounded so pathetic. It was like a heart unconsciously giving utterance to itself.

She remained quiet for some time after her voice ceased to be heard in the room. At last she rose. She tried to settle down to some work and she finally succeeded. That day made a efit of the person who has stuck the pin mark upon her. She began to reckon things in through the insect. her mind from that day. Often when she was with her husband she would turn and gaze at him searchingly, but furtively. She was fearing to see upon his face that expression which she had surprised upon it in the hotel parlor. But if that look should come there she wished

Moore glanced up from his paper and met her "I was examining you for some sign of a

gnawing grief, an inward disentisfaction," she

Mcore dropped his paper and gazed at her. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you want me to have a gnawing grief and an inward

liver is in excellent working order?" "It isn't my liver, it's my moral nature," she

did not speak. "I'm afraid my moral nature has been a great trial to you," she said.

"It is you who say that," he answered, "But I care about you," she continued, "and you care for truth, dear Randolph"-here Salome paused, and her lips were a trifle un-

Moore took one of her hands and held it closely. But he said nothing.

She began again.

"I want to tell you that I'm not so stupid but that I've known and felt in these months with you that your life is really sweet and upright You always turn toward the upright course You are not preachy about it, and you don't pose for it. Mr. Dunn was telling me the other day about what he called the 'W, and M, deal'--that was before you had that money from your uncle, you know. He said that if you had told just a little lie then you would have netted ten thousand dollars at least. He said he should have told the fib; but you never even thought of considering whether you should or lie said you were the right stuff, but that you didn't pretend. That's it, Randolph; you don't pretend. That's one of your charms, Now I should have told that lie. I shouldn't have thought much about it; or if I had, I shouldn't have thought it would hurt any-

Salome ceased speaking. After a while Moore, who had been closely holding the hand he had taken, asked in a low voice,

"No; or at least, it's nearly all. The thing I set out to tell you is that I can't live with you and not feel your life; I think that's what I mean. You are so much better than I am.

"Salome! "Don't interrupt me. You are as warm hearted as possible, but you don't just folyour heart as I do. I've noticed that Is that because you're a man? You needn't smile at me. What I meant really to tell you when I began is that I haven't prevaricated, not the least little bit, for more than ten days. I've been watching myself. There are ever so many small ways in which it's so easy of to tell quite the truth, don't you know!

don't mean what you might call society false hoods now. But I notice people do lie a good deal, when you come really to think about it." There was such a naive flavor in this last remark that Moore could not help smiling, though his eyes were very earnest. He thought that he had never imagined any one so frank as Salom

could be-an entirely unconscious frankness. "You mean," he said, with a slight hesitation, "that you are beginning to see the beauty of

"No: I don't mean that at all."

Moore's expressive face changed and clouded in spite of his effort to prevent it.

She withdrew her hand. She leaned back in her chair, gazing down at him. Her eyes were full of light. She seemed to make her glane penetrate to her husband's soul. There was something in her face that made the man more intensely conscious of her love than he had ever

"I mean," she said at last, "that I think I have found out that I love you well enough to be truthful just because you want me to be, That isn't much to do for you, is it?" "Oh. Salome!"

Moore's voice was hardly audible, but his wife heard it.

The intent look between the two was much more than a caress. It was Moore who spoke

"And by and by you will come to love truth for its own sake." "I don't know; I can't tell about that. I suppose women are much too personal, aren't they, Randolph? I know very well that it is principle one ought to consider. But I can

even for you. Now there is my mother"-There's a woman who considers principle, interrupted Moore.

"Yes. I was going to say that, well as I love her, it was not enough to make me feel this way. I wonder if God is pleased with such a love as I give you. Do you think He is? Do you think He blames me? Only He can really know the strength of it. Will it tire you, as time goes on, to be loved so much?"

It was a few weeks after this evening that a messenger boy came with a note from Mrs. Darrah, who was still at the Vendome. The note stated that the writer of it was nearly bored to death, and would Mrs. Moore take pity

Salome hesitated. She did not much like to be in Mrs. Darrah's presence. Too many unpleasant memories were evoked. And when she was with this lady she was liable to meet Portia Nunally,

The latter had adopted the best possible manner toward Salome-the ignoring of the past. Though Salome hesitated, after a while she started out to walk across the Common. It was now April, and one of the mild days of that month. The returning warmth did not fail to bring joy with it. She sauntered slowly, stopping upon any pretext. She paused to watch two sparrows fighting.

Raising her eyes as the combatants parted and flew away, her glance encountered that of a man who was leaning against a tree with an open newspaper in his hand.

He was a man past middle life, with a thin, keen, cold face. It was plain that he had been watching her as she had been watching the

sparrows.

In the first instant of confusion Salome did not recognize him, though she was aware that she knew the face well. Then the knowledge

Her impulse was to hurry on, but she did not quite like to do that, as the gentleman seemed inclined to come forward and speak to her. He did come forward immediately and quickly, but still somehow with an appearance of leis-

"You look as if you were enjoying this lovely day, Mrs. Moore," he said, much the same as any ordinary man would have spoken.

Salome made an effort and replied that she was always glad when summer was approaching. This extremely commonplace talk about the seasons need not have affected Salome unpleasantly. She was alarmed that she should begin to feel, as she expressed herself afterward to her husband, like a fly impaled upon a pin, and wriggling and buzzing for the ben-

"Only," as she assured Moore, she "did not wriggle in the least; she was just as calm as if she had not felt that way. But," she added, "I thought I couldn't bear it when, as I started to go on down the walk, he came and placed himself beside me and said that he hoped I would allow him to accompany me, as seemed to be going in the same direction. We didn't speak a word for a few moments, though I was trying as hard as I could to think of something to say that would not be too frivolous nor too sensible. At last I gave up trying; and he had to speak first.

"He asked me if I enjoyed living in Boston, and I told him that I did. Then he smiled and remarked that I had the appearance of want me to have a gnawing grief and an inward issatisfaction. Salome?"

"Oh, no! no!"

Moore rumpled his hair, and laughed. Then I wished that I knew which way he was goenjoying life anywhere. I was very well,

he took his turn, and gazed scrutinizingly at his wife.

"May I inquire," he began presently, "if your lifted his hat in that way he has which is lifted h enough to chill the marrow in one's bones, said that it had been a great pleasure to meet me answered, with such undoubted sericusness that and 'Good morning, Mrs. Moore.' I watched Moore directly became serious bimself. But he him walk off. I was glad he was walking away from me. I had really begun to shiver. I suppose he is one of the most excellent men for cutting and sawing people that there is going, isn't he, Randolph?"

"He has that reputation," answered Moore, and you and I certainly ought to be grateful "Oh, I'm grateful beyond words for his skill,

and I hope he has been paid in money for that," was the response, with more bitterness than Moore had ever hear in her voice.

He looked at her in some surprise. "Don't reprove me," she said, smiling at him, because I can't help the effect he has upon me. I think I feel as if I were being vivisected with out being allowed an annesthetic. And the sight tot the degraded wretch he thinks me. Boston with her. I saw my portrait again. It's just a very little different from what it was when you saw it. She said she shouldn't let it go out of her hands at present. She's just a bit odd about that portrait."

Having said this Salome reflectively folded and unfolded her handkerchief, gazing down at it. She and her husband were in their rooms at their hotel

Moore began to be very curious concerning that picture.

"The face is a real little Puritan face now," said Salome. Moore rose

"I don't wish it to be that," he said, with some ndignation. "I want it to be as I saw it last, If she keeps it she will be continually touching it. It must be as you are now, sensitive, happy, enchanting."

"Oh, thank you, Randelph," with a brilliant

"I'll go there now," he said. "I won't have that portrait subject to any woman's whims, even though that woman be Mrs. Bradford," Salome seemed troubled. "Don't go until I've told you that I hadn't seen the last of Dr. Jennings," she said. "He was at Mrs. Darrah's. It seems he is an old acquaintance

The speaker shuddered.

"He sat there and made very pleasant and perfectly appropriate remarks. He frequently smiled. Have you ever seen him smile, Randolph?

"It is just as if a piece of polished steel should suddenly scintillate. It was all I could do to keep from trembling with fear and hate when he smiled. He sees right through me, and he is glad every time he comes upon a weakness or a fault. He hasn't any weaknesses or faults. Why should be have? He isn't flesh and blood. He is something that despises fiesh and blood; anyway, he despises me. Randolph, do you know that he makes me think continually when he is n my presence of that forgery and of the falsehoods I have told, and that I can never reform, and, worst of all, that in the end you will be unhappy with me? Every time I've seen that man I begin immediately to ealize that some time you'll be wretched with ne; that you'll curse the day you saw me Let me be just as melodramatic as I choose but I mean all I say, and more too. Dr. Jennings thinks I'm a vile creature, and he knows that you will come to grief because of

Salome was not given to indulging in any such kind of talk as this. Her nature was essentially sweet and forbearing.

essentially sweet and forbearing.

A few moments later Moore was on his way to Mrs. Braiford's. He was uneasy, He did not like to recall the surgeon's look of surpriss when he had seen Salome that day in the station. But Salome's repulsion was of no consequence. Some personalities repelled, and some attracted; and who could tell why it was so?

He was shown into a reception-room at the Braiford home. He had waited but a moment when the mistreas of the house entered.

Even while the young man thought this be could not but know that this curious openness was one of Salome's strongest charms; it seemed such a contradiction, and it made her semething quite out of the ordinary.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Braciford at last, "I will confess to you that I am sorry that I

yielded to the temptation and tried to paint Mrs. Moore's portrait." "Because you think you have not succeeded?"

"No. Don't think me conceiled if I say it is because I think I have succeeded too well." "Oh?" Moore uttered the exclamation questioningly.

He gazed with a bewildered misgiving at anscompanion.
"I feel haunted by a foolish fear, as if I had
assisted at some kind of a betrayal," went on
Mrs. Bradford. "That may be a womanish
notion. Do you think it is that? But come into
the studio. I have given the face several touches
of late. Mrs. Moore's countenance is so vividly
in my mind that I dare to put a brush to the
canvax sometimes when she is not present. I
have changed it since she saw it last, and two
or three times since you saw it. Of course
portrait painting, if you really care for it, must
be more or less of a psychological study." He gazed with a bewildered misgiving at his e more or less of a psychological study."
As she finished speaking Mrs Bradford led the

As she finished speaking Mrs bradiou er to way to the studio.

Moore followed her, and walked immediately to the easel. His eager expression changed indescribably as he stood there.

He would not have been able to describe, though he felt keenly, the suittle difference in the face whose eyes were booking directly in his

The artist stood beside him, watching him,

The artist stood beside him, watching him, Finally he turned to her:
"It is much more than beautiful," he said;
"it has charm—even a stranger must feel that."
Although he ceased speaking, it appeared as if he had more to say. After a moment's pause he continued. "It is baffling, bewildering."
"Is she not so?" inquired Mrs. Bradford, in a low voice, "Do you not still find her so? Pardon me, Mr. Moore, but if I talk at all on this subject. I must talk openly. I have never been so confused as since I began this work."
"I can believe that," was the reply in the same subdued tone in which Mrs. Bradford had spoken.

spoken.
There was much more that Moore would have liked to say, but he could not. It seemed to him that it would be a relief to speak to this woman from his very heart; still he could not; certainly he must not, if Salome had not spoken. "Has Mrs. Moore talked with you? Has she

said anything" he asked somewhat vaguel
"Oh, no," was the immediate response, "V
should she?"

should she?"
And the speaker's thought instantly was:
"Then there is something."
"I don't know," said Moore, glancing at the
woman beside him. "Yes, I do know, too,"
hastily, "Are you not aware that it would be
easy to confide in you?"
Mrs. Bradford shook her head, smilingly,
"The best as a transfer of "I had, as I worked, a strange feeling of compunction," she said, "but when Mrs. Moore's mother was here I began to be conscious more and more of something which I could not define."

define."
"What? Has Mrs. Gerry seen the portrait?"
"Yes, just as she was leaving town. She said she did not 'think it was right.' For some reason, Mr. Moore, I have an inclination to believe in ner conclusions. I think she arrives at her decisions in a white light, if I may speak thus. You understand me?"
"Yes, yes. Her mind leaps to the right, pure and simple."
Moore spoke with unmistakable emphasis

and simple."

Moore spoke with unmistakable emphasis.
"I saw," said Mrs. Bradford, " that she felt as if this portrait was not only a kind of betrayal; it was also a sort of arraignment. Do forgive me, Mr. Moore, I know those words are not the proper ones to use, but I have none which can express the fine shade of my meaning."

breath.

"She is so happy," said Mrs. Bradford.

"Thank heaven for that?" exclaimed Moore,
Mrs. Bradford took her palette and a large
brush. She filled the brush with paint indiscriminately from the palette.

She looked at the man who was still gazing
at the picture. the picture.
"It is for you to give me permission," she He waited before he answered At last he

"I suppose it is best."

But still the artist hesitated. In an instant she stepped forward and drew the brush broady she stepped forward and drew the brush broady and quickly over the glowing face of the portrait. Almost at the same time Moore caught her arm; but he was too late. He was quite sale.

e. Good God" he said, in a whisper. Good God; he said, it were Salome herself. He felt almost as if it were Salome herself who had been wounded, mortally hurt before his

Mrs. Bradford also was pale. The hand with which she put down the brush now trembled

which she pilt down with the slightly.

"Did you not mean that I might do this?"

she asked, after a silence.

"Yes, yes; I meant it. But it was horrible!—

horrible!"

horrible!"

She felt that there

horrible."
The woman did not speck. She felt that there was nothing for her to say. She had not acted on the impulse of the moment.

Perhaps no one, save an artist, could quite understand how much that stroke of the brush had cost her. And, perhaps, she would regret it. Had she acted upon the urging of a mere fantastic sentiment? But her companion had felt the same sentiment also. And when she thought of Mrs. Gerry she did not feel as if it were a whim which had impelled her.

Moore walked to the end of the studio and sat down on a couch. He bent forward with an arm upon each knee. He shaded his eyes with one hand.

Mrs. Bradford removed the canvas from the

one hand.

Mrs. Bradford removed the canvas from the casel and placed it with its face against the walk. Mingled with her other thoughts was the inward assurance that she had never done better work. But that thought she inmediately put away. In view of other things it was an unworthy subject to think upon.

Moore rose and came toward her.

"You must think me very weak," he said.

"No, no," she answered. "Do you wish me to paint another portrait of Mrs. Moore? One which shall be merely a conventional likeness? Would it not be better for me to do so? and if any questions are asked concerning this it will be enough to reply that you and I were dissatisfied with it." "Certainly, that will be enough," answered Moore. "Int I'm not sure that I want another portrait. You are so kind," he continued. "We are g sing out of town in a few weeks now. Perhaps we shall not meet again. Mrs. Bradford," with a sudden increase of carnestness, "I can't help wishing that my wife knew you better. Now, thank you, and goodby."

ter. Now, thank you, and goodby."

Here the lady rose and stood in front of him, gazing at him intently.

"I will think about the portrait. But my feeling is now that I shall not want it," said Moore

Mrs. Bradford accompanied her guest into he hall. She extended her hand, ountry in two weeks from the day of this isit at the studio. Mrs. Bradford had called upon Salome, but

the latter had not been at home, and the two did not meet again. Besides Salome's longing to be in the coun-

Hesides Salome's longing to be in the country with her mother, as the spring grew in warmth and beauty, there was a wish to be out of the way of meeting Mrs. Darrah or Miss Nunally. She never knew when Mrs. Darrah might send for her, and when she was thus sent for Salome did not wish to refuse.

On the last occasion, when she had thus visited the Vendome, Portia had been in her aunt's sitting-room, as was to be expected, since she was staying at the hotel with Mrs. Darrah. Dr. Jennings had called again. Salome felt her terror and hate spring into active life the moment she saw him come across the room toward her. She could not give him her hand as the other ladies did. She drew herself up in a way quite unlike her ordinary genial self and bowed distantly. His couldy hostile glance cut its way, she thought, right to all her faults, as it had done before.

He was very polite. He stood by her side much longer than was necessary, and insisted upon conversing with her. ager than was necessary, and insisted upon

inversing with her. But she saw him look over at Portia often, and

sion and coolness.

After a little. Salome controlled her own feelings sufficiently to enable her to contemplate.

Portia with some knowledge of her manner, But yes, br. Jenniars's calm, ley glance took in every detail of Portia's appearance, and then rested with unswerving assurance, and with satisfaction, upon the girl's face. There was not the slightest air of the "lover" about him,

she seemed to be some one else. He talked much and well, he chose his words with perfect accuracy, and he dederred greatly to anything Miss Nunaily said, but he did not for an instant fail in the entire and perfectly poised control he exercised over himself and over her. His keen eyes were dominant. In the course of his conversation Salome learned that he was somewhat out of health and that he had not, since his return home, resumed the practice of his profession.

That evening Salome expressed to her husband her desire to go into the country directly, the very next day. She said again that Boston was too small to contain both herself and that celebrated surgeon. For some reason she said nothing to Moore about Dr. Jennings and Portia. Perhaps because she did not often wish to speak of Miss Nunaily to him. The memories the name awakened could not be pleasant to either.

When once Salome was at home with her mother, and Moore was also there, she thought no more, save fleetingly, of Mrs. Darrah and her niece, or of Dr. Jennings, My should she think of them? She did not see them. All that she loved was with her. Every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the sun rose higher in the heavens; every day the part was warmer and sweeter. The Intensity of her temperament, which must make for vivid misery or vivid happiness, make now most gloriously for happiness, the did not spoil it by questioning. The New England part of her was so much in obeyanes that she could successfully put the questioning and the introspective them.

species away.

She tried not to forget the resolves she had made concerning truth. She used to talk with Moore on this subject as they sat under the trees in hot, sunny days, or strolled over the high, sweet-smelling pastures.

Moore had never dreamed of being so happy. It seemed to him now that his hopes were being futuilled. Salome was proving herself to be susceptible to that influence that should make her respect the truth. How could she avoid this result in the presence as she was of the two beings whom she so loved, and who so loved

as she and Moore sat under a pine tree which grew at the very top of a pasture. And ther she added with a laugh, "I would even tell the

(To be continued.)



Possesses peculiar properties preventing tendency to Wrinkles. Agoing or withering of the skin, or drying up of the field. This infentable toffet wen-der and great beautifier will smooth and clear the most annoying skin or completion. The wonder and pleasure of all who use it. Tones down the PLD NOSE, face or hands releases the lifetees, clay-

SWEDISH IMPRESSIONIST-PAINTINGS AND ETCHINGS BY ANDERS ZORN-WILLIAM SHER-BORN'S LINE ENGRAVINGS-AMERICAN

AND PRENCH WATER COLORS. During the past ten days the art season may be said to have been actually started. The Union League Club began last Thursday its series of conthly exhibitions with a display of early English and Dutch pictures, and, as will be found noted below, the interest among the minor galleries first aised by the Nettleship exhibition at Wunderlich's has been increased. The Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design continues until the end of the seek. Across the river, in the Art Association Galeries on Montague-st., the Brooklyn Art School agt night opened its second autumn exhibition with ctures by instructors in the school, Walter Shirlaw, W. M. Chase, Theodor's Robinson, J. H. Bos-ton, J. M. Rhind and Elizabeth R. Coffin, and with specimens of work by the students themelves.

If there was one feature of the art exhibition at the World's Fair which more than any other had the virtue of being wholly new, it was the group of apressionistic pictures in the Swedish section. It ntroduced half a dozen men. Anders Zorn, Alfred Wallandar, Prince Eugen of Sweden and Norvay, and a few others, who seemed to have tranplanted the perfervid art of Monet to the North and o have there developed it with energy and originality. Zorn was plainly the initiator of the moveent represented by the little collection in his nation's gallery. This much was suggested by the supremacy of his work, and it was also to be inerred from the fact that he had previously been heard of in Paris, whereas his compatriots were un-known. No such bracing individuality as his had seen presented to us in a long time, and he awakned not only curiosity but enthusiasm. Now Mr Zorn has brought a number of his works to New-York and shows them at the Keppel gallery. He appears as both painter and etcher. In each character he has very great talent, but he is on the whole more satisfactory with the brush than with the needle. Even as a painter he has certain harply defined limitations. Of the five pictures in this exhibition-two portraits, two out-door figure studies and a marine—there is not one in which he gives so much as a hint of a sensitive, delicate, imaginative temperament. As an interpreter of spiritual moods in nature, it is unimaginable that he could have any success whatever. Here lies his greatest deficiency. But if his analysis sugests hardness and a frigidly incisive temper it is not for that reason any the less searching and lluminative. He has, there can be no question of t, a penetrative eye. He is also, and to a much renter degree, closely observant of surface facts. greater degree, closely observant of surface facts.

Strengthened by these attributes he has a rapid and hold, almost curt, executive habit. His color is in a high key, but is kept well in hand, and leaves him vivid, spirited and in good taste, refined in pitch rather than in tone. The sum total of his art is averaged as a beilliont realism formed. f his art is expressed as a brilliant realism formed cartially on that of Monet, partially on the fic school popularized by Gervex, and accented by he sincerity of a Northern individuality. of the five paintings at Keppel's, a large "Portrait of Mrs. D.," typides that realism in its best phase. Without charm in the strictest sense of the word has yet the charm of texture and light treated with swift accuracy and a piquant note of man-With vitality it is superabundantly provided, in the expression of the eyes and lips, in the tilt of the head, in the susponded action of the left hand which pauses on a book at the sitter's side, and in the unaffected pose of the entire frame. The naturalness of the portrait is the prin-cipal element in its effect. After that naturalness there is felt the direct, energetic method of the technician and then the finesse with which, by the istribution of his lights and shadows, he has brought out facts of structure which a less alert scrutiny might have overlooked or storred. The irst and last of Zern's merits is his truth. The pronoun is used advisedly, for, like all realists and impressionists, he misses the highest plane in nature, and stands self-confessed as satisfied with anticist or idealist, that he insists upon the inner upon his vision of things just as they than those of the larger works. The vague secret of childhood escapes him, though the general buoy ancy of life does not. It is the same in "A Summer Study," an outdoor nude picture, and in th warm sketch of a girl dressing in the open air. The There was level is imaginative to a degree, but on that level The impression Zorn leaves is an impression of

his caracity, especially as regards light, is servations are to be made with caution. But reser vations are inevitable when his etched work is approached. They are indicated perhaps most comtchers, with whom he is naturally classified, he is more of a painter than an etcher. His sturdy modelling, his veracity, his style, his exuberance found in his paintings, and they are eminently painter-like. His line, which is the test of an tcher's genius, is one of the most unetcher-like line of Hembrandt or Whistier has beauty, and neither does it perform the mission to which it should be assigned according to those masters, the pect, with a preservation of its own suavity and spect, with a preservation of its own snavity and grace and delicacy. A quick way in which to enforce this fact is to compare say No. 13, "The Printer Liebermann," No. 8, "The Artist and His Wife," or No. 11, "Resita Mauri," with Whistler's Orrout-Scuiptor," with his 'Ribt Valentine," or with the portrait of Daiou by Legros. In the works of the elder etchers there is nothing more conspleads than the purity of the line, the economy with which it has been compelled to express form, the sensious charm of its modulations, and the rimenout with which it has followed the play of light in hair or about nose and eyes and chin. It Zorn's plates the needle sweeps up and down the comper as a draughtsman's pen might traverse a stortholock, and the quality expected of the latter is indeed what confronts us in these etchings. They are prodigiously clever. They are more than that in the painter-like relations which have been pointed out. But etching is etching. It is a linear art, and has remained so even in the hands of so painter-like a runn as Seymour Haden. There is nothing but admiration for the individuality of Zorn's work, for the surpassing realism of his portraits of Antonin Proust. Liebermann, Prince cancer, Reman, Count von Rosen, Mile, Olga B., and iterry G. Marquand. There is nothing but regret for the license he has permitted himself, for his abrupt, short, even brutal, strokes; for his abandonment, in short, to a catchy and effective, but not a tall beautiful, or really masterly, method. As a pen draughteman he would rank among the highest method here we have permitted himself, for his pointing but denting the order when he has decled, and the spirit of true etching, which he has deriled, and the spirit of true etching, which he has deriled, and the spirit of true etching, which he has deriled, and the spirit of true etching which he has deriled, and the spirit of true etching which he has deriled, and the spirit of true etching which he has deriled. grace and delicacy. A quick way in which to en

rivalled, and the spirit of true stohing, which he has decide, maintained intact.

Mr. Keppel has piaced on exhibition with Zorn's paintings and etchings a collection of engravings by William Sherborn, of London, Sherborn has won celebrity in England through having successfully revived the early German style of line engraving. He is a fertile designer when dealing with heraldic and floral motives, and the bulk of the present collection is composed of book plates produced for English amateurs. Sometimes he overcrowds his plate, as in Nos, 22 and 25, but as a rule he employs his decorations with much tact and ingenuity, and it is more just to estimate him in a design like No. 49, the ex-libris of Lady Constance fattersea, which is clear, compact and beautiful. These book plates have a value of their own, but Sherborn is of interest to us primarily as a master in pure line. He achieves very nearly the velvety smoothness which Durer had, he comes close to the precision and firmness of the great German, and, while recalling the latter, but so indicative. This is apparent in a olate outside the ex-libris collection, in a portrait of Mr. Balfour. In this the suggestions of Durer lave quite disappeared, and if he tesembles any one is so modern a man as Gailliard. Sherborn's few etchings here exhibited are trivial and medione. As an engraver he looms in solitary emisence in England to-day.

A second annual exhibition of water colors by American arrists has been opened at Mr. McMedeles.

nence in England to-day,

A second annual exhibition of water colors by American artists has been opened at Mr. Macbeth's gallery. It contains excellent landscape work by Messers Ochtman, Eanger, Shurtleff, Rosenberg and Murphy. The facile, picturesque "Venetian Pumpkin Venden," by Mr. Elum, which hung in an Academy show three or four years ago, reappears; there is a familiar and delightful "Nereid" by Mr. Maynard, and Messers, Homer, Wiles, Denman and Breanan send new interesting figure pleess, The eccentric studies of children by Mr. Brennan require a special note and the street scenes of Mr. Hassam should be mentioned. Mr. Macbeth's little gallery is artistic in its decorations and the picture's make one of the most pleusing of minor exhibitions. It foreshadows the large water color shows of the winter in a suggestive way, and it has the advantage, too, of anticipating the holidays.

At Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s are the water

At Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s are the water colors made by Albert Lynch in illustration of Th. Bentzon's "Jacqueline," a novel just published in inxurious form by this house. Lynch stands at the head of French illustrators of fashtonable life. He paints aristocratic women with the authority of intimate acqueintance, their gait, their attitudes of nervous repose, their lively charm

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"Vantine's Textiles." of feature, and, above all, their perfection of costume. His men are acceptable, but his feminine types are bewitching. Lynch paints dress, stylish dress, with illimitable sympathy. One can imagine his studying the creations of Felix or Pingat with the same devotional passion that Meissonier felt before the uniform of an imperial guard. Like Meissonier, too, he is something more than a "costumier." He composes skilfully, draws the gracefullest and prettlest of women, and gives his illustrations abundant pictorial effect. Over his medium he has a complete command, and the execution of his water colors is impeccable. They are very much worth seeing, and we call attention to them with pleasure. The exhibition opens to-morrow and closes early in December.

THE WORK-SEEKER, (Copyright, 1893, by Sam Walter Foss.) You think I'd better go to work? Wall, that's my own idee; I'll do it w'en I find the work that's suitable for Won't give me bread because ye think I'm strong enough to work?
Wall, wen I find my kind of toil I'll labor like of Turk.

"Keep strugglin' on." our pastor said, "keep strug-For Natur' never made a man but at the same time,

An' so I started out in life resolved to never shirk,
To hunt the wide worl' up an' down to find my
special work.
I started out to find my work, all ready to begin it,
But all the work I ever foun' had too much labor

At first I worked on father's farm, but soon I come to see that never was the kind er work that Natur' meant for me. She surely never meant this kind for sich as me to do. For work was far too numerous an' rest was far An' next I went into the store of Deacon Isr'el

Brown.
For oppertunities 'twould give fer rest an' settin'
down;
But customers kep' droppin' in to wake me from
my doze
An' broke in on my sleep so much I couldn' have
no repose. "I'm boun' to find the work," says I, "that Natural meant for me."
I kinder liked to sail aroun' beneath them foreign

But still I foun' the work was mixed with too Sence then I've tramped about the earth to try if I could see Some kind of unlaborious work that Natur' meant for me, And so to help a brave young man to boldly push ahead. I frankly ask ye for a loan of jest a piece of bread. That's right; I knew you'd fetch it out soon as mx tale was tol.

You are a woman glad to aid a strong, ambitious soul.

Now you might fetch to quench my thirst, I find I'm feelin' dry.
A glass er milk, some jelly cake, an' sev'rul kinds of pie. GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOURSELF. Young man, the books will bid you read
The seers from Kant to Plato.
But get acquainted with yourself.
You are no small potato.
And though you swing a blacksmith's sledge.
Or dig within the trenches.
Hold up your head with those that sit.
Upon the highest bonches.
Oh, read the sages of the world
And let their wisdom win you?
But get acquainted with yourself

In modest arrogance of soul
Mike your own valuation.
Then slowly make the sluggard world
Accept your estimation.
Go, get acquainted with yourself;
Before your leaf is yellow.
You'll find the man beneath your hat
is semething of a fellow.
Then stir him out and prod him up
lictore his force has fainted;
Go, get acquainted with yourself.
Then make the world acquainted.

Then make the world acquainted.

Then trust the man beneath your hat, And, when you come to know him, You'll find a fellow lit to grace A novel or a poem.

Go, get acquainted with yourself; You'll find that very few are, For tasks for which you were designed, A better man than you are.

Young man, the books will bid you read. The seers from Kant to Plato; But get acquainted with yourself, You are no small potato.

—(SAM WALTER FOSS.

HE HAD A PLACE FOR IT. From The Detroit Free Press. The officer had pulled a man for being drunk and getting into a light, and the prosecuting witness was there to help him make a case. The judge wasn't very favorably impressed with the witness. "You say," he said, "that the prisoner was drunk?"

"Yes, your honor,"

"Yery drunk?"

"Not too drunk so's he couldn't knock me over, your honor,"

your honor."
"Were you drunk?"
"No, your honor, I don't get drunk."
"No, your honor, I don't get drunk."
"Well, you don't throw liquor over your shoulder,

"Well, you don't throw liquor over your shoulder, do you?"

The witness smiled.
"No, sir, your honor," he answered, "not when I've got any other place to throw it, and I mostly has,"